

THE  
CARNATION.

To the HONOURABLE

11630. c. 14  
3

MISS GRACE PELHAM.

A P O E M

U P O N

HER MARRIAGE

To the HONOURABLE

LEWIS WATSON, Esq;

---

To Thee, fair Excellence! I fly,  
And in thy Bosom beg to die!

*The CARNATION.*

*Telle, aimable en son air, mais humble dans son Style,  
Doit éclater sans pompe une élégante Idylle. Boileau.*

Hail, wedded Love! —————  
Perpetual Fountain of domestic Sweets!

*Milton.*

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By R. D T E R.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the Strand; and Sold  
by R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall, and M. COOPER in Pater-noster Row.

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M DCC LIII

2  
GARRANTION

To the Honorable

MISS GRACE PETHAM

A P O E M

U P O N

HER MARRIAGE

To the Honorable

LEWIS WATSON Esq;

To Three, the Honorable, &c.  
And in the Bottom Bay to the  
The CARANTON  
This, written on the day, was sent to the  
Dedicated to the Honorable, &c.  
I will, wedded have!  
I present, therefore, of domestic goods!

BY R. D. E. R.

W. O. M. O. W.

Printed for J. and R. Thomas on the Strand; and sold  
by J. D. Cooper in Pater-noster Row.



M DCC LIII



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE *Author* has not, for several Years, propos'd to himself any other Advantage from *Poetry*, than that *innocent Amusement* which it privately affords him in his little Study: And therefore did not think to let his humble *Muse* wander abroad any more, after having received greater Favour and kinder Treatment from the World, than she deserv'd: But being, at his leisure Hours, much delighted with the pleasing *Productions* of a small *Garden*; and having the Honour to be known to the GREAT FAMILY with whose Name he has graced his *Title-Page*, he compos'd a *Nossegay* of various Flowers, and the following *simple Strains* to accompany it to the Honourable young LADY to whom they are now thus publicly address'd. The principal Flowers in the Composition of that little *Bouquette* were CARNATIONS, which the *Author* had rais'd, with uncommon *Bloom* and *Fragrance*, at this dead Season of the Year.

As he knows how little *Praise* he may deserve from *Poetry*, he is as little anxious and solicitous about obtaining it, especially as he is now so far advanced in Years: And therefore having no *poetical Vanity* to



# ADVERTISEMENT.

indulge, he is so very indifferent about troubling the World with any of his Performances, that it has been, for some time, a Question with him, whether he should risk the Publication of this *Trifle* or not; which is the true and real Reason that it has been so long delayed: And therefore the *Humility* with which it is now submitted to the *Public* should incline every *generous-spirited* Reader to look with some degree of *Candour* and *Good-nature* upon its many *Errors* and *Imperfections*.

Stamp-Office, Lincoln's-Inn,

March 2, 1753.



As he knows how little Praise he may derive from Poetry, he is as little anxious and sollicitous about obtaining it, especially as he is now so far advanced in Years: And therefore having no political Views to indulge,

THE





# CARNATION

TO THE HONOURABLE

MISS GRACE PELHAM.



VOUCHSAFE, fair PELHAM, to peruse

The *Triflings* of an humble *Muse*;

Too much depress'd by *Fortune's* Wheel

*Envy* to fear, or *Praise* to feel;

To find the Way is past her Skill,

To *Pindus* or *Parnassus* Hill;

Yet round their flow'ry Vales she strays,

Well pleas'd while Others she surveys

Their

Their *Harp*s upon the Summit string,  
 And grow immortal as they sing;  
 With L-T-L-T-N their Voices raise  
 To merit *Universal Praise*;  
 Contented, if with Lays like these,  
 She can a darling *Daughter* please;  
 A *Daughter*, blest'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 Of PELHAM's, and of RUTLAND's Race;  
 Whose *Virtues* shall her Strains inspire,  
 And animate the languid *Lyre*.

But, MADAM, tho' it *low* may seem,  
 Yet sure *uncommon* is her Theme;  
 In *Nature's* pure Simplicity,  
 Her *Subject* and her *Vers*e agree:  
 No Strokes of *Art*, no study'd *Sense*,  
 Her lowly Language influence;  
 Her whole Support is *Innocence*.  
 Nor, at th' Expence of *Virtue*, dares  
 To lay for *Readers* impious Snares;



Nor,

Nor, at so dear a Price, would raise  
A Friend to give her *partial* Praise.

And lest your *Judgment* should complain  
She makes a simple *Drop* of *Rain*,  
And (as absurd) a *Flow'r* to *speak*,  
And thro' the *Laws* of *Nature* break,  
The *Muse* your *Patience* must beseech  
To own they're out of *Nature's* Reach;  
To own they're *Miracles* to *Thought*,  
Which *Bards* of ancient *Days* have wrought;  
Who went, tho' gloriously, astray  
From *Reason* and from *Nature's* Way;  
And this — surprising still, and odd! —  
Without the Aid of any \* *God*;  
As we could *Instances* arrange,  
From *Homer*, *Æsop*, to *L'Estrange*;  
For *Homer*, mighty *Bard*! in *Greek*,  
Makes *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Horses* *speak*:

\* The *Critics* and *Commentators* have censured *Homer* and *Virgil*, for introducing such Extravagancies as *speaking Horses* and *bleeding Myrtles*, without the Intervention of some *Deity*, to render such things *probable* as well as *marvellous*.

And



And *Virgil*, in his *Latian* Lays,  
 (Whose Brows for ever wear the Bays!)  
 His Master, *Homer*, to exceed,  
 Makes *Myrtles* in the *Aeneid* bleed;  
 Nay, modern doughty *Wits* expose  
 Strange and unheard-of Things in *Prose*;  
 Which should, fair *PELHAM*, intercede  
 For this poor *Versè* which now you read;  
 And therefore thus its Tale pursues,  
 For what can't please may yet amuse.

ÆGON \* by Age almost a-ground,  
 A little House at *Knightsbridge* found;  
 And, on the western Side of that,  
 A small, but useful *Garden-Plat*;  
 Where he might breathe fresher Air,  
 Decaying *Nature* to repair:  
 The *Muses* there, with all their Train,  
 Would oft divert the ancient Swain;  
 For he was early taught to sing;  
 Was taught to strike the tuneful String;

bnA

\* *Ægon*, the Author.

Was

Was taught by ADDISON and STEELE,  
 The Pow'r of *Poetry* to feel;  
 But in his *Garden* lay the Snare  
 To catch old ÆGON's Pains and Care;  
 For there he, at his leisure Hours,  
 Would raise variety of *Flow'rs*;  
 At *Christmas* a CARNATION had,  
 In all the Pride of *Summer* clad;  
 In which the Bloom of *June* appear'd,  
 As if 'twas in that Season rear'd;  
 Which he had nurs'd with tender Care,  
 And kept from the inclement Air.

By ÆGON's Converse one might trace  
 Though *mean* his Rank, and *low* his Place,) }  
 He'd long rever'd the PELHAM Race.  
 PELHAM! attentive and sedate,  
 Still watchful o'er *Britannia's* Fate;  
 He, gracious Guardian of the Realm,  
 Calm and serene directs the Helm;

His SOV'REIGN'S Servant and his Friend,  
 On whom his People may depend:  
 He, pleas'd to be less *Great* than *Good*,  
 Firm to his *Word* and *Honour* stood,  
 Th' inherent *Virtue* of his *Blood*:  
 The World, who all his *Actions* scan,  
 Acknowledge Him an *honest* Man.  
 He fondly loves the *Muse's* Song,  
 When *Truth* directs her *Strains* along;  
 But yet rejects her with *Disdain*,  
 When govern'd by a *venal* Vein.  
 Blest be the *Patron* and the *Bard*,  
 Who shall this righteous *Rule* regard!  
 And doubly blest will be the \* *Lays*,  
 Which *PELHAM* shall vouchsafe to praise!  
 Old *ÆGON* deem'd his *Flower* fair,  
 And its *Production* singular;  
 Then thus he said, with *Thoughts* elate,  
 Oh! happy sure will be thy *Fate*!

\* *Vide* Prior's *Alma*.



Go then, nor here remain and fade,  
 To PELHAM, that illustrious Maid;  
 With *Myrtle* I have prop'd thee round,  
 Which with a silken Twine I've bound;  
 And if, with *Awe* and *Lowliness*,  
 Thou dost the *high-born* Maid address,  
 Then may thus thy Fate foretell—  
 She'll deign thy balmy Sweets to smell,  
 Then haply in her *Breast* be plac'd,  
 And there with highest *Honour* grac'd!  
 Meekness with Meanness should be seen,  
 So suit thy Words, thy Air and Mien;  
 For Meekness oft a Merit proves,  
 A Merit which that fair One loves;  
 Meekness, she knows, exalts the Mind,  
 As *Pride* debases humankind;  
 Tho' plac'd on high she *Pride* disdains,  
 As if a *Nymph* upon the Plains.

The poor CARNATION soon was come  
 To *Esber* --- PELHAM'S \* *Tusculum*!  
 Its conscious *Lowliness* exprest,  
 And thus the noble MAID addrest.

Offspring of *Patriot* PELHAM'S Flame!  
 Fair Daughter of a princely Dame!  
 To court thy Hand, bright Charmer, see  
 A Flow'r of WINTER'S Progeny;  
 Rais'd by a tender, aged Hand;  
 And by whose soft and mild Command,  
 To Thee, fair Excellence! I fly,  
 And in thy Bosom beg to die!  
 For tho' we Flowers bloom apace,  
 Adorn'd, like Thee, with ev'ry Grace,  
 We live but for a little Space!

I long in *Glasses* was confin'd,  
 Safe from the Rage of *Winter's* Wind;  
 Where shelter'd from the Frost and Snow,  
 By Art, not Nature, forc'd to blow;

\* *Tusculum*, a Town of *Latium*, where *Cicero* had a Country-House, as Mr. *Pelham* has at *Esber*, and about the same distance from *Rome* as that is from *London*.

But could not shed my *Odours* round,  
 Where all in *icy Chains* were bound;  
 Yet I as fresh and fair appear,  
 As in the prime time of the Year;  
 And all my *Virgin Bloom* I bring,  
 Like *Flora* on her *Zephyr's* Wing,  
 To hail thy equal *sprightly Spring*.

O save me yet awhile from *Death*!  
 And chear me with thy *sweeter Breath*!  
 For tho' the *SUN*, of *Flow'rs* the *Sire*,  
 Did ne'er my shiv'ring *Soul* inspire,  
 Yet grateful shall my *Fragrance* rise,  
 Warm'd by the \* *Sun-shine* of thy *Eyes*!  
*Sweetness* I boast and *Modesty*,  
 Tho' neither can I add to *Thee*.

My *Foster-Father*, at thy *Gate*,  
 Stands anxious for his *Flower's* *Fate*;  
 Let not his hoary *Brow* complain,  
 We beg'd at *ESHER-PLACE* in vain!

\* The Author is very sensible that the *Sun-shine* of a *Lady's Eyes*, is a trite *poetical* Expression, yet he could not resist the Fitness and Propriety of admitting it in this Place;



But with Benignity divine,  
 Native to noble PELHAM's Line,  
 Regard thy Suppliant's fond Request,  
 And let me as thy *Bosom-Guest*,  
 At Court my little Charms display,  
 Upon Great GEORGE'S *Natal Day*;  
 Where I, still proud of being *thine*,  
 May in the *Royal Circle* shine;  
 For tho' I am, alas, too mean  
 With PELHAM's *Daughter* to be seen,  
 Yet once, HUMILY could gain  
 Preferment for a DROP of \* RAIN;  
 And, MADAM, if you'll lend an Ear,  
 Its *Fate* and *Fortune* you shall hear.

'Tis by a *Persian Fable* told,  
 And *Fables* often *Truths* unfold,  
 That on a sultry Summer's Day,  
 About the Month of *June* or *May*,  
 This ancient Story took its Date,  
 A Story wond'rous to relate!

Gay as the Season of the Year,  
 Our Goddess FLORA did appear;  
 Her Head with roseat *Chaplets* crown'd,  
 Which spread ambrosial Sweets around:  
 The *Sun* too influenc'd her Flow'rs,  
 As God-like GEORGE does *Europe's* Pow'rs:  
 The *Sea* was calm, the *Sky* serene;  
 \* *Halcyon* to build her Nest was seen;  
 Yet, less than in a Moment's Space,  
 A sudden *Gloom* veil'd Heaven's Face;  
 The *Bird*, distracted and distressed,  
 Unfinish'd left her floating Nest;  
 And round the Shores did flutt'ring fly,  
 As if some dreadful Storm was nigh:  
 A fullen *Cloud* hung o'er the *Main*;  
 It threaten'd much — but did not rain;  
 Yet, as the *Cloud* did wider swell,  
 This little *Drop* of *Water* fell

\* *Halcyon*, a Bird called *The King's-Fisher*, which makes her Nest upon the Sea, when it is calm and still.

Out of its Skirts, by *Fate's* Decree,  
Into the briny, boundless Sea!—

— This but begins its History! —

While there from *Wave to Wave* 'twas toft,  
And, as it were, its *Being* lost,  
To its poor Self it pond'ring said —

“ Wherefore— O wherefore was I made!

“ Of what *Significance* am I,

“ Amongst this vast Immensity

“ Of over-whelming fluid Matter,

“ This troubled World of restless Water!

“ While here I undistinguish'd lie,

“ What to the *Universe* am I!

“ What Good from my Existence springs,

“ To the amazing Frame of Things!

“ From me can *something* be produc'd,

“ That am to *nothing* thus reduc'd?

“ Or else I surely am the *least*.

“ Of all that Heav'n with Being blest!



While thus it sadly made its Moan

(*Misfortune seldom comes alone*)

An OISTER in its Neighbourhood lay,

Which gaping eager for its Prey,

Soon swallow'd up this Drop of Rain,

Amidst its moralizing Strain.

Of sure Destruction then afraid,

“ Where am I now, alas! it said:

“ How could my cruel, wayward Fate,

“ Doom me to this more dang'rous State,

“ Than that in which I was before,

“ Where I could range the Ocean o'er?

“ I there of Liberty could boast;

“ But that I priz'd not—till 'twas lost!

“ From Nature Poets oft relate

“ None are contented with their State:

“ Most humbly therefore I submit,

“ To what the Will of Heav'n thinks fit!

A Pow'r *unseen* does all things guide,

In whom all Beings should confide;

For in *Distresses* often lies  
The greatest *Blessing* in *Disguise*;  
And true *Submission* shall obtain  
A sure *Reward* for all its Pain;  
Which now the present *Case* will prove,  
And from the *Truth* all Doubts remove.

'Twas all in vain to seek for Aid:  
Within the *Oyster* long it laid;  
But hard'ning there, by slow degrees,  
(O who the *Fate* of things foresees!  
And yet my *Tale*, tho' *strange*, is *true*)  
Into a brilliant *PEARL* it grew;  
Which, being by a *Diver* found,  
Is now by *Fame's* loud Voice renown'd,  
And after all its *Troubles* past,  
Is rais'd to *Dignity* at last;  
And shines aloft a glorious *Gem*,  
Upon the *Persian Diadem*!

This *Tale* has shown a marv'ltous *Change*!  
A *Tale* for vulgar *Faith* too *strange*!

A Tale so wond'rous ne'er was told  
In *Metamorphoses* of old!  
In *Ovid's* Verse we cannot see  
A Tale so full of Prodigy!  
Yet I shall think it mean and low,  
To what my Happiness may grow,  
If I can, MADAM, you inspire  
To give me all my Heart's Desire;  
And all its boasted Dignity  
Shall stand *unenvy'd* still for me:  
From *Meekness* all its Fortune came,  
And my Pretensions are the same.

Then grant me in your *Breast* a Place,  
To give *unnecessary* Grace;  
Our mutual Fragrance there shall meet,  
And while we mingle Sweet with Sweet,  
Each noble Youth, with envious Pain,  
Shall grudge the Pleasure I obtain;  
Far greater Pleasure and Renown  
Than being plac'd on *Persia's* Crown! —



No more! — These *fairy Tales* disdain;  
*Muse!* strike a loftier, *Lyric Strain*,

As loftier Thoughts inspire;

The *Theme*, which now, thou must rehearse,  
Demands the Pow'r of *Pindar's Verse*,

And all his *Græcian Fire*,

For lo! a potent *Rival* came,

A *Rival!* with resistless Claim

To fair *GRACIANA'S Breast*;

Where he has fix'd his blissful *Throne*,

Where he resolves to reign alone,

And be, by blessing, blest.

There needs not thy superfluous *Aid*,

He to the poor *CARNATION* said,

Where all *Arabia* breathes;

Which feeble *ÆGON* can't describe,

And far transcends thy flow'ry *Tribe*

Combin'd in fragrant *Wreaths*.

Her *virtuous Mind*, and *youthful Bloom*  
Diffuse around *sincere Perfume*,  
*Sincere* devoid of *Art*;  
Her Praises dwell on ev'ry Tongue,  
Like that bright *Dame's*, from whom she sprung,  
Who charms great *PELHAM's* Heart.

The *Muse*, with pleasing Transport rais'd,  
To hear her *Patronefs* thus prais'd,  
Consulted soon with *Fame*;  
Who did the welcome News unfold,  
And other glorious *Truths* she told,  
While she reveal'd his *Name*.

For *Fame* industriously reports  
At *Britain's*, and at *foreign Courts*  
How *WATSON* is belov'd;  
Completely in himself endow'd  
For *Social Life*, and *Public Good*,  
And for each State approv'd.

Trembling

Trembling the conscious *Muse* proceeds  
To praise what all her Pow'r exceeds;

His *Taste*, his *Wit* and *Sense*;  
Yet restless that she can't recite  
How *studious*, *learned* and *polite*  
He does these *Gifts* dispense.

Superior *Bards*, in sprightlier *Lays*,  
Shall sing his modest *Merit's* Praise,  
And set that *Merit* forth;  
*Merit!* which early *Honours* won,  
*Honours!* which yet are but begun,  
Shall crown his noble *Worth*.

Whose *Virtues* soon shall brighter shine,  
PELHAM! conjunctively with *thine*,  
Th' *Oppressed* to relieve;  
And with *Good-nature* like thy own,  
Like *Thee* for *Truth* and *Justice* known,  
Disdaining to deceive.

From



From LINCOLN's and from WATSON's Loins  
(For Heav'n to *Patriot-Pray'rs* inclines)

A long and lasting *Race*  
Of future *Worthies* shall be born;  
*Sages* our *Senates* to adorn,  
And ev'ry *Station* grace.

Thus shalt thou, in thy *Daughters*, see  
*Increase* of num'rous Progeny  
To glad *Increase* of Years:  
~~From Them~~ illustrious *Sons* shall rise,  
To bless thy noble KATH'RINE's Eyes,  
And shine among our *Peers*!

For PELHAM's Race deserves no less  
Than those high Honours they possess,  
And ev'ry *Nation* owns  
'Tis higher Glory and Renown  
To *serve* Great GEORGE and *Britain's* Crown,  
Than sit on other *Thrones*.

11:7:48

F I N I S.

and from Watson's Loins  
For Heaven to Britain-Princess inclines)  
A long and lasting Race  
Of future Warriors shall be born;  
To adorn,  
Every station grace.

That thou, in thy Daughters, see  
A race of numerous Progeny  
To glad increase of Years;  
To see illustrious Son shall rise,  
To bid thy noble KATHARINE'S Eyes  
And shine among our Princes.

BRITAIN'S Race deserves no less  
In those high Honours they possess;  
And every Nation owns  
The higher Glory and Renown  
Of Great GEORGE and BRITAIN'S Crown,  
And all other Nations.